

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 454

Chapter 454 Healthy With No Bad Habits

Upon hearing that, Elise expressionlessly looked at the man who seemed to be the leader. "You're the one doing business with him?"

"What? You've never heard of the great Nightfall, pretty?" The man's expression was aggressive and disdainful. "But it doesn't matter if you haven't; the only one you need to remember is me, Mad Dog. This isn't something that you have any power over. Grab your little wh*re and get the hell out of here!"

"Watch your mouth! Who are you calling a wh*re?" Danny yelled.

"I'm talking about you! What? You wanna practice throwing hands with us?"

"If practice is what you want, then you'll have it!" As he spoke, Danny whipped his jacket off and raised his fists in preparation to fight. He might not be as strong a fighter as Alexander, but getting in a few punches wasn't something impossible for him.

When he passed Elise, a hand suddenly reached out and stopped him.

"Don't worry, Elise. Let me at them. It's just a few people; they might not actually defeat me. We might not have to run." Danny was confident in his combat skills.

Elise outright ignored him as she looked at the man in front of her with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "You got it wrong—we have no intention of getting into an altercation with you; we just want to strike a deal with you too."

"A deal?" Mad Dog grinned in disdain, a sly glint flashing across his eyes for a moment before being quickly buried. "So, which one of you here is the merchandise?" he asked in faux bashfulness.

Elise initially wanted to say that she was the merchandise, but she felt that it didn't sound that believable. The gears in her head whirred, and then she reached out to pull Danny over and pat his chest. "This guy. He's healthy, and he doesn't have any bad habits like smoking or drinking. Name your price."

Danny opened his mouth to protest, but when Elise shot him a glare, he promptly got into the role he was supposed to play. Instantly, he turned into the protagonist of an angsty, tragic movie. "That's right, it's me. But, I'm the only one being sold here. Since I'm so dashing handsome, can you please name a higher number?"

Mad Dog scrutinized Danny thoughtfully. "That's not my decision to make; I gotta go back first and discuss with my superior. Don't worry though—we've always been honest and fair when it comes to business. We won't be fleecing you."

"Sure. Go now, then," Elise said while smiling.

"You're an impatient one." Mad Dog glanced at her meaningfully before he turned to order his subordinates. "You two there—take that guy back to base. The rest of you will come with me!" He then gestured at Danny and Elise with his chin a few times. "Don't just stand there. Come."

With that, he turned and headed in the same direction as he came, leading the way as he did so.

Elise swaggered after him while Danny tailed her closely. At the very back of their entourage were Mad Dog's two henchmen.

They maintained their positions throughout the journey—Elise and Danny in the center while Mad Dog and his men sandwiched them. Slowly, they were led from the crowded and noisy bustle of the streets into a deserted alley.

It was then that Danny realized something was fishy. "These people are suspicious. Don't get caught in their trap," he whispered.

However, Elise continued her carefree demeanor, as though nothing was happening.

At last, they were led to a dead end. A repulsive man stood at the very end. Slowly, he turned around to look slyly at them. At the same time, over a dozen men suddenly gathered by the

entrance of the alley with sticks and baseball bats in hand as they gradually made their way closer to Danny and Elise.

Danny looked behind him warily, getting into a defensive stance.

"Where's your superior?" Elise asked calmly, a smile playing on her lips.

One of the thugs behind her raised his voice. "Girlie, you didn't even know that only the Bossman's word is needed when it comes to black market stuff before, and you still had the guts to come knocking on our door! You're hilariously brave!"

Elise's gaze lowered. After a moment of thought, she spoke to Mad Dog. "So, if I cut you down, then we can seal this black market deal?"

"Hehe..." Mad Dog chuckled in objection. "You look pretty small, but you sure talk big, pretty. Tell me then—which gang are you from? How dare you challenge Nightfall?" he said mockingly.

"I don't belong to any gang; I just don't like the sight of your face." With a flick of her hand, a silver needle fell into her palm.

"If that's the case, then don't blame me when I go all out on you despite you being a girl." Mad Dog's expression darkened as he harshly gritted out an order. "Beat up the guy till he's dead. Capture the girl alive!"

The moment the last word fell, the crowd of men behind surged forward, brandishing their weapons as they charged at Danny.

Danny's combat skills were not shabby. Each punch of his rang true, and he flowed into each move smoothly, so although he was severely outnumbered, none of his opponents could get close to him.

While the thugs couldn't gain the upper hand, there was no one watching Elise's back now.

Seeing this, Mad Dog approached her with an insincere smile. "Hey pretty, I'll get them to leave his corpse in one piece so long you call me 'honey.' How about that?"

After that, he reached out to touch Elise's face with a lecherous smile.

"I don't like others touching me." Elise's expression abruptly chilled, her voice sounding like it had frozen over. "If you want to cross my limits, you'll have to pay the price," she continued.

Mad Dog's hand uncontrollably froze in place a few inches away from Elise's face. He craned his neck in irritation to carefully study her face again. That was a 17, 18-year-old girl, all right. She looked absolutely harmless. There was nothing to fear about her.

At that thought, his tenseness slipped away. Narrowing his eyes, he bravely continued to move his hand closer to Elise's face.

Right at that moment, an even louder racket came from the entrance to the alleyway.

"Who are you guys? Ah!"

As the screams continued, the thugs attacking Danny rushed over to the source of the noise in droves.

Mad Dog couldn't help but turn his head to look as well. Taking advantage of the sudden opportunity, Elise quickly flung her hand out, a silver needle instantly jabbing into his offending hand.

In just a moment, Mad Dog was in so much agony from the abrupt jolt-like sensation that he couldn't even stand straight. He stumbled a few steps backward before he finally fell to his knees.

"Didn't I say that you'll have to pay?" Elise looked down at him from where she stood, a chilly gleam shining in her pretty eyes.

Meanwhile behind her, the thugs soon lost the fight, having been sent flying to the ground. It wasn't until all of the thugs were down that Danny saw that the newcomers were Alexander and Cameron.

Alexander walked past the thugs expressionlessly as they lay on the ground wailing. When he reached Elise's side, he took off his coat and draped it over her shoulders. "I thought I told you to wait for me by the street?"

"This is an accident," Elise said with an innocent look on her face as she shrugged.

"You always have an excuse." Alexander crooked his finger and gently tapped her head, but his voice was soft and warm. "Let's see if you can remember my words better next time!"

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 455

Chapter 455 Rules of the Black Market

Night descended upon Lithium City. The buildings within the city bathed in darkness. The only source of light was the moon hanging high in the sky.

After determining that the coast was clear with his telescope, Xavier waited until one before he left his hiding spot to sneak into Timothy and Sasha's home. With the information that he had gleaned over the last few days guiding him, he soon reached their bedroom. He unlocked the door with a specially-made knife and walked inside with gentle footsteps.

"Who's there?" The man in the bed was rudely woken up.

Xavier rushed over with large steps to cover Timothy's mouth while he positioned a sharp knife by Sasha's neck. "Timothy, Sasha, someone paid me a handsome sum of money to ask me to bring you two back. Come with me, and I won't hurt you." Xavier's voice was low, but the threatening undercurrent was evident.

"You call this a polite invitation?" Timothy's voice was even. As he spoke, he looked at the knife by his wife's neck through his peripheral vision.

"Apologies, but there is no other way," Xavier said expressionlessly. "I don't want to hurt you two either, so long as you cooperate." Having said that, he put the knife away. A pause later, he reminded, "By the way, I know the escape routes in this area very well. Neither of you will be able to make it past me, and you cannot defeat me in a fight either. You should get rid of your thoughts of escape."

"Don't worry. We aren't looking to die yet." Timothy pushed his glasses up his nose. There was no sign of fear on his face.

Xavier didn't want to waste time talking. Quietly, he got up and stood aside to give them space to move. "Let's go. It's better for us to leave while it's still nighttime."

Both Timothy and Sasha frantically put on their clothes and got off the bed. Holding onto each other tightly, they slowly began to make their way outside.

Xavier's eyes were slightly narrowed as a strange feeling rose within him.

Since they're hiding here, they must know very well that countless people are looking to assassinate them. They probably knew that such a day would come. They shouldn't be behaving like this now, holding each other calmly; they should be trying to die like martyrs or beg for their lives.

Xavier quickly swept a gaze across the room. A sly look immediately flashed across his eyes. "Stop," he ordered coldly.

Timothy and Sasha stopped in their tracks, but they didn't look back. Timothy turned his head back slightly. "What do you want?"

Xavier walked over to them with soft footsteps. He remained behind Timothy and Sasha as his fingers ran across the gun he held behind him. "A famous physicist with not a single book in his bedroom. Don't you think your disguise is a little sloppy, Professor Lancaster?"

The room descended into a deathly silence at his words. In the blink of an eye, the fraudulent professor and his wife rushed out the door, still holding onto each other.

But Xavier was faster than they could ever hope to be; the moment they took a step, two gunshots rang out, the bullets striking them right in their hearts. Regular people would have already fallen over with such grievous injuries, but Timothy and Sasha kept running as though they had a beast on their heels.

Xavier's senses were on alert as he realized that being stuck inside a place where death was inevitable was even more terrifying than facing death itself.

The house!

The next moment after that thought, Xavier leaped out of the sole window in the room.

At the same time, a huge explosion rattled the sky as the houses around the site were instantly reduced to smithereens.

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When Elise and the others emerged from the alley, someone stopped her. "Miss Sinclair, Master Bryce would like to see you."

Elise did intend to pay him a visit, so she let go of Alexander's hand. "You guys can go back first and hand them over to the police. I'll be right back," she reassured him.

Before Alexander could voice his concerns, the man, Macaque, interrupted, "What Master Bryce means is for you, Miss Sinclair, to bring them along and see him."

"What's the meaning of this? Has this Master Bryce of yours fallen so low as to dabble in this kind of business?" Elise asked sarcastically.

"You misunderstand. Since we are in the black market, we have to follow its rules."

Now that Macaque had laid that out, Elise couldn't say anything against him.

However, Alexander did not feel at ease. In the end, everyone followed Elise to Bryce's place.

Although this place was considered the administration district for the black market, it more resembled an opera stage. Lights blazed down on it. Seats were arranged haphazardly below the stage, but there were no guests.

Bryce was dressed in a red stage outfit as he lay on a bed with sumptuous covers and pillows, looking like he had stepped out of a period drama. He was an absolutely beautiful man. Although his eyes remained closed, his beauty could clearly be described as mesmerizing, like he was Narcissus.

The entourage stopped before the stage. Macaque then went onstage from the steps by the side as he respectfully delivered his report. "Master Bryce, Miss Sinclair has arrived."

Bryce slowly opened his eyes, an eyebrow gently raised as he idly looked at the crowd. With just one glance, he immediately found her.

"You've changed again," Bryce said in jest.

"The same goes for you," Elise said calmly.

It was only then that Bryce got up from the bed. With measured steps, he walked to the forefront of the stage and leaned down, extending a hand toward Elise. "We'll have to speak as equals."

Elise was about to take his hand and jump onto the stage with his help, but Alexander stopped her.

"Who is he?" Bryce withdrew his hand, pulling it behind his back.

"My fiancé," Elise answered.

Bryce narrowed his eyes as he meaningfully studied Alexander. Then he turned around. "If you wish to speak with me, you will have to first come up on stage," he said, his voice clearly distant.

Elise looked at Alexander. Can I even get up there from this height? she asked with her gaze.

Alexander gave her a calm look. The next moment, he bent down and scooped Elise into his arms. Kicking over one of the stools next to him, he stepped onto the stool, and with a powerful leap, he was on the stage.

Before Elise could get her bearings, she was already safely deposited on the stage.

It was then that Bryce finally looked at Alexander properly, but it was just a momentary look. His gaze then once again rested on Elise. "You and I do not like beating around the bush. So, I shall lay it out to you—you cannot take that man with you."

"But he's not one of yours," Elise said lightly.

"That is, indeed, the case," Bryce replied. "However, he is part of the black market, and so he shall only be judged within the black market. No other place will be allowed to judge him."

"I'd like to see if you're going to deal with him, or if you're going to shelter him," Elise said, her face devoid of expression.

“You still do not understand me well enough.” Bryce’s lips curled up into a sneer. “If he was someone I wish to protect, then there would have been no need for me to speak in circles.” With that, he looked to the side and shot a glance at one of his men.

The man nodded before looking at two other subordinates by the side. The two subordinates immediately understood what he wanted. They dragged the repulsive man forward. With a kick to the repulsive man’s legs, he fell forward on his knees. The knives in the two subordinates’ hands rose in a smooth motion before being brought down.

Instantly, the wretched man’s legs were separated from his body. Blood gushed out like a raging river, dyeing the floor crimson. He couldn’t even scream. After a few choked whimpers, he passed out.

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Chapter 456 Does He Actually Have Eyes for Alexander?

Danny couldn’t help but frown. It seemed that his brother was right—the world was not as simple as he thought.

Once the wretched man was carted off-stage, Bryce sat back on the bed. “Are you pleased with this outcome?” he asked breezily.

“There’s nothing to be pleased about—you just cut this man down. In the future, there will be thousands of others to take his place. Bryce Fiore, I know that this black market of yours is outside the jurisdiction of the law, but do you not even have any basic principles?” Elise asked indifferently.

Bryce didn’t even look up. “On the contrary, I had no idea that you have become an advocate for the police.”

"This has nothing to do with the police. In business deals, you pay the agreed price, and you get the promised merchandise. Now, that man's blood is on your hands. Is this any different from a dog-eat-dog world?"

"All right, all right..." Bryce waved a hand in dismissal with utmost patience. "I have already rendered that man a cripple, and I will also drive the others away. Let us not allow this little matter to ruin this beautiful meeting of ours when we have not seen each other for such a long time, shall we?"

"If that's the case, then there's nothing for us to chat over tea." Elise composed herself before she went straight to the point. "I want to make a deal with you."

"Truly, one never comes to me without a reason." Bryce looked at Elise reproachfully. "Just for once, can you leave with empty hands after you have given me your offerings?"

"No," Elise replied boldly. "Haven't you heard that thieves aren't supposed to go back empty-handed? I'm the thief here, the evil one. Of course I will only be taking from you; who has ever heard of a thief leaving a present for the one they're robbing?"

"Hehehe... Someone learned how to crack a joke. How fascinating." Bryce let out a low laugh. At last, he lifted his head. His eyes were absolutely similar to Alexander's inky-black ones. As though he was teasing her, he pulled a leg up onto the bed and placed an arm on top of his knee. Then, he gestured at her. "El, come here."

Alexander couldn't help clenching his hands that were by his sides into fists.

El? This was even more intimate than the nickname 'Ellie.'

"If I keep standing here, you're going to turn down that deal, aren't you?" Elise asked, not cooperating with him at all.

Seeing how he didn't get to have some fun with Elise, Bryce put his leg down in disappointment. "When have I never followed your whims? Tell me then—what do you have your eyes on this time?" he asked languidly.

"Nothing too rare; just some dragonmoon grass and solaria flowers. You have them, so spare me some," Elise said.

"You truly are here to fleece me," Bryce said in annoyance. "I do not have them."

“Come on, old sport, are you still deliberately trying to play me?” Elise was all smiles. Anyone could see the evilness behind it.

“Who are you calling ‘old sport’! Look at my beautiful, delicate features—do they look like those of an old man’s?!” Bryce stood up in agitation. With his arms behind his back, he shot a meaningful look at Alexander.

Elise rolled her eyes. “I already said that he’s my fiancé. If you keep having funny ideas about him, I’m going to actually have to strike you down.”

Everyone else was bewildered. What was going on?

“Such pettiness.” Bryce’s tone instantly turned charmingly saccharine once Elise had seen through his intentions. “It’s just one look; it’s not as though I will actually lay a hand on him!”

The corners of Alexander’s lips twitched awkwardly as he quietly moved to stand behind Elise. This Bryce person did not look like he was one to give up even until the very end.

Bryce instantly frowned. “Such a beautiful man as well. It’s such a pity that he’s not my beau...” he lamented, a melancholic look on his face.

“Ahem...” Elise narrowed her eyes as she chuckled coldly. The next moment, she lifted a hand and smacked the back of Bryce’s head. She swiftly followed up with a few more smacks. “What weirdo nonsense are you saying? You should be looking for a girlfriend to date instead! A girlfriend! How many times do I have to say it?!”

Bryce couldn’t block the rest of Elise’s strikes after the first few times, so he stood up and puffed his chest out. “Enough! Allow me to maintain some dignity while within my territory!”

Seeing how he had returned to normal, Elise finally stopped hitting him and retreated to the side.

Nonetheless, Bryce wasn’t one to remember past grievances. In an instant, he pressed close to her, taking her hand and grinning. “Yes, this is how sisters should be like!”

Alexander raised an eyebrow. “Sisters?”

“What else were you expecting?” Bryce stated. “And mind your own business! Since you don’t belong to me, stay away from us. Do not hurt my little El, you dog!”

Alexander had no words.

Meanwhile, down the stage, Danny shuddered, gooseflesh prickling all over his body.

“Quit your yammering,” Elise turned to say harshly to him. “What about the goods I asked for?”

At the mention of that, Bryce immediately pulled his face away from Elise’s shoulder. Quietly, he let go of her hand and returned to his bed. “It’s not that I don’t wish to hand them over to you. You know as well that I love seeing men fight each other. I may not have the solaria flowers, but the dragonmoon grass has already been sent to the arena as a prize for the tournament.”

Elise lowered her head to think. He wasn’t lying; Bryce had always loved watching boxing tournaments. Not once had he missed a single match. But Elise hadn’t thought that he would simply decide to host his own tournaments.

“So, as long as I win the tournament, I can get the dragonmoon grass for free, yeah?” Elise asked.

“Of course, little El. You know that I do not allow anyone to break the rules when it comes to the arena.” As Bryce spoke with a smile that didn’t quite resemble one, his gaze once again shifted over to Alexander. “If you cannot participate, you can also get someone else to take your place...” I wonder what his body looks like once those clothes are off...

He had only just finished speaking when two fingers suddenly appeared in Bryce’s line of sight. They then viciously jabbed into his eyes.

“Ow, ow, ow—El! How could you poke me in the eyes again!” Bryce cried out in pain as he whined with his hands over his eyes.

Elise looked at him, unfazed. Her arms were folded in front of her chest as she looked down at him. “If I hadn’t jabbed your eyes, your head would have been filled with dirty thoughts. This is for your own good.”

Bryce rubbed his temples. “Why, thank you. Thank you so very much!” he said through gritted teeth.

“You’re welcome. We’re like sisters, after all. Gotta rib you over a man!” Elise said, smirking.

"...I do not wish to talk to you now." Bryce was still licking his wounds as he waved a servant over. "Bring them to the arena."

The servant nodded before turning to beckon at Elise and Alexander. "Miss Sinclair, Mr. Griffith, please come this way!"